

MERCURIUS MUSICVS:
OR, THE
Monthly Collection
Of New TEACHING
S O N G S.

For May and June.

A S O N G Sett by Mr. Jeremiah Clark.



'M Woun- - - ed, I'm

Wound - - - ed by A - - man - - da's Eyes; and feel a pleasing, plea- - - - - sing

pain, which does my trem- - - - - bling heart surprise, and shoots,

shoots, and shoots, shoo- - - - - ts, shoots thro' ev' - ry vein:

(466)



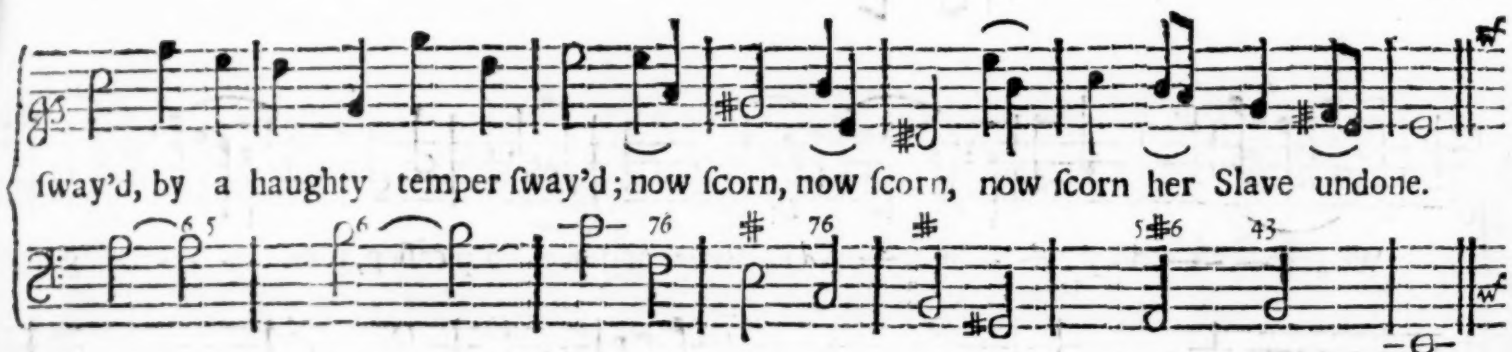
But



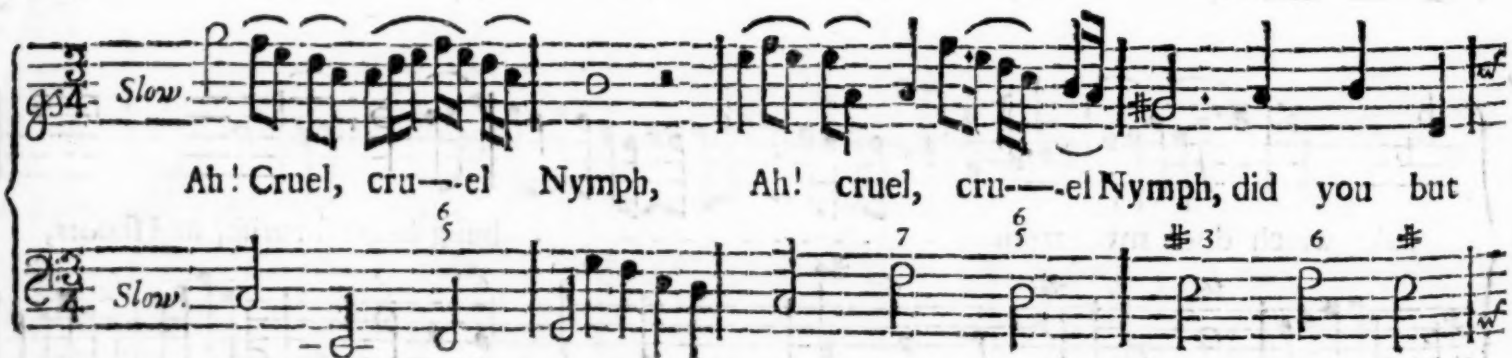
the for many, many Con— — — — — quest's made,



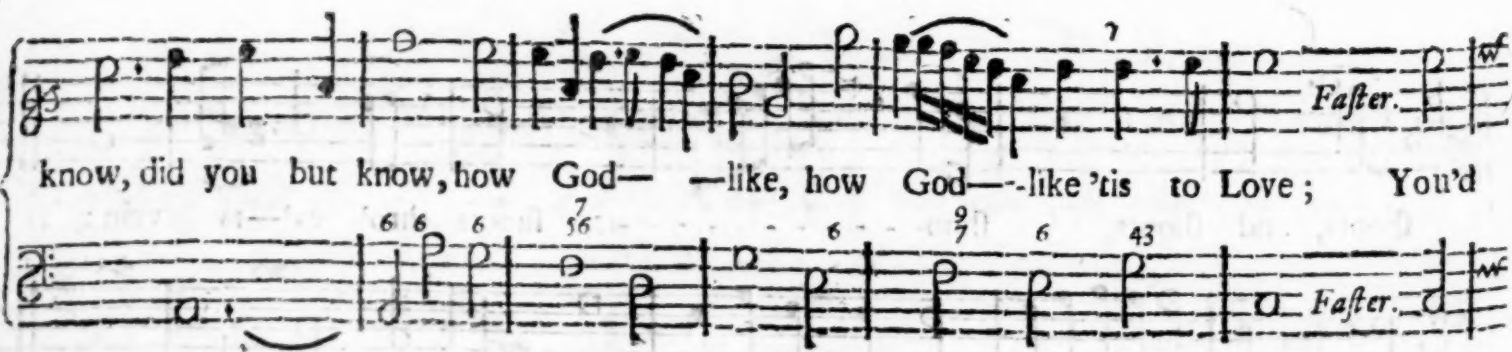
regardless, regardless, regardless is of one, and by a haughty temper



sway'd, by a haughty temper sway'd; now scorn, now scorn, now scorn her Slave undone.



Ah! Cruel, cru—el Nymph, Ah! cruel, cru—el Nymph, did you but



know, did you but know, how God— —like, how God—-like 'tis to Love; You'd

Faster.

Faster.

soon de-spise the Pride you shew, and reign with Mercy here be-low, to be like

those above; you'd soon de-spise the Pride you shew, and reign with Marcy hear be-

-low, to be like those a--bove, to be like those a--bove.

Orpheus's Song to the Vaves, in the Mask of *Orphus and Euridicy*) Sung by
Mrs Linsey. Sett by Mr. *William Weldon* of Oxon.
John

Top, stop, O - - - - - ye

Waves; Stop, stop, O - - - - - ye Waves, and

hear me tell, what joy, what pains of grief a wretch- - - - - ed Swain be-fel;

(467)

then row - - - - - way, and rowling

to each o - - - - - ther say; let us Love, let us Love, let us Love, and let us Play, in

wan - - - - - ton, murmurs while we may:

For so did once the Thra - cian Swain, so, so did once the Thra - cian

Swain; but while you thus se - cure - ly glide, think, think, think, O!

think when you come, to the high - - - - - est tide of pleasure, you must then divide, as

Orpheus did, and far as wide, as Orpheus did, and far as wide, far as

wide, far as wide as Orpheus did; and far as wide, as Orpheus did, and

far as wide.

A SONG Sett by Mr. William Croft.



He God of love, the God of love no, no, no more, no more em—

—ploys his Golden Quiver, or his Dart; He finds the bright Au—re—lias eyes, without his

help can woun—d each heart, with—out his help can

(469)

Woun- - - -d each Heart; each Amourous Swain, each

Amourous Swain, when she appears, when she appears, still finds him--

self undon; And faints betwixt his hopes and fears, but dies, but dies when

she is gone, and faints betwixt his hopes and fears, but dies, dies, dies when

she is gone, but dies, dies, dies when she is gone:

Venus that once cou'd Beau—ty boast; Ve—nus that once cou'd

Beau--ty boast, when she ap----pears, when she appears, cast down, down,

down, down her Eyes, Eyes; she own'd her Beauties all, all, she own'd her

Beauties all, all, all all were lost, and fair Au--relia, and fair Au--relia won the

prize; She own'd her Beauties all, all she own'd her Beauties all, all, all, all were

lost, and fair Au--re--lia won the prize, and fair Au--re--lia

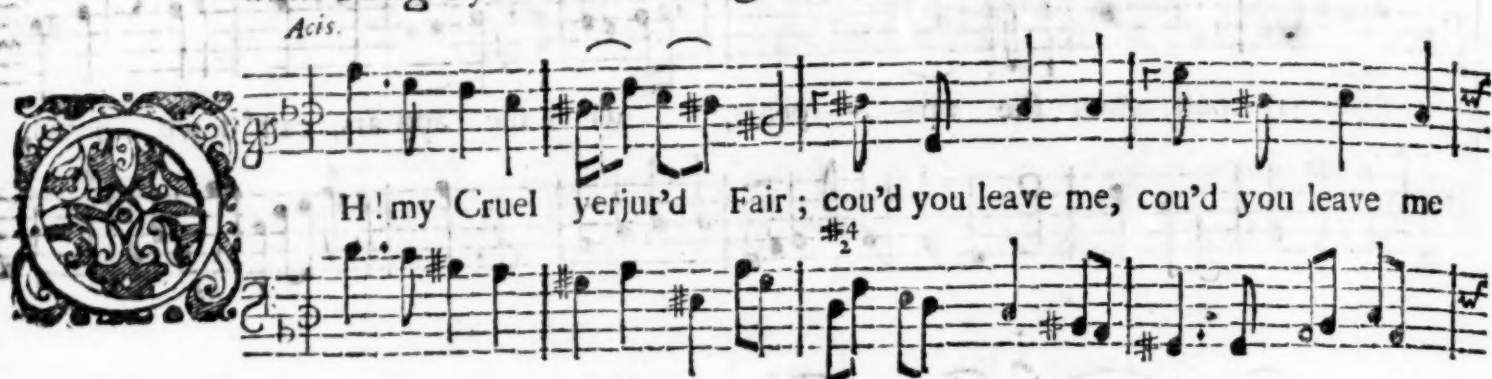
won the prize, prize.

(471)

[32]

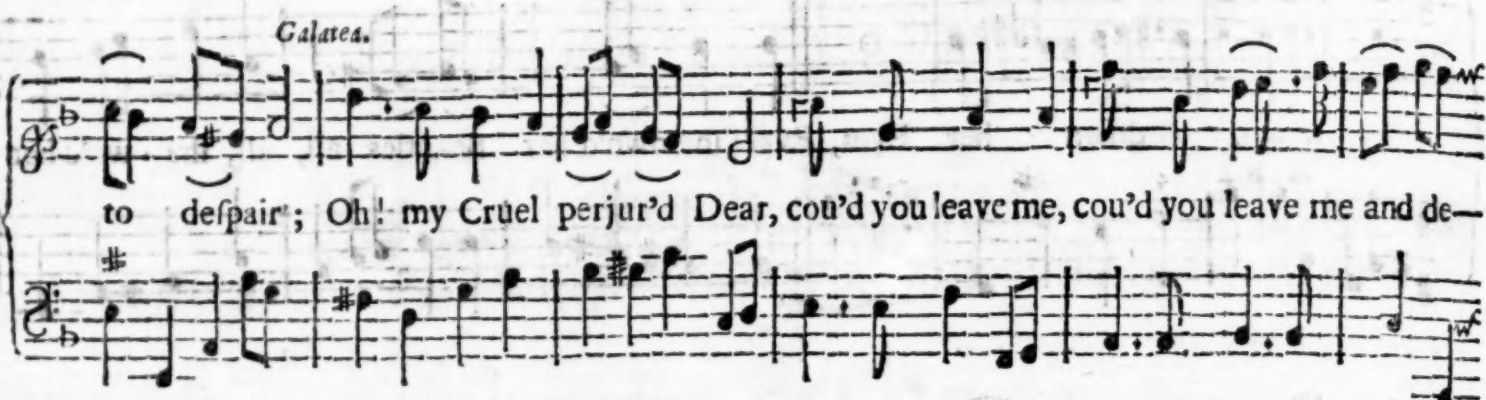
Acis and Galatea: A Dialogue in the Mad Lover. Sett by Mr. John Eccles,
and Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Bowman.

Acis.



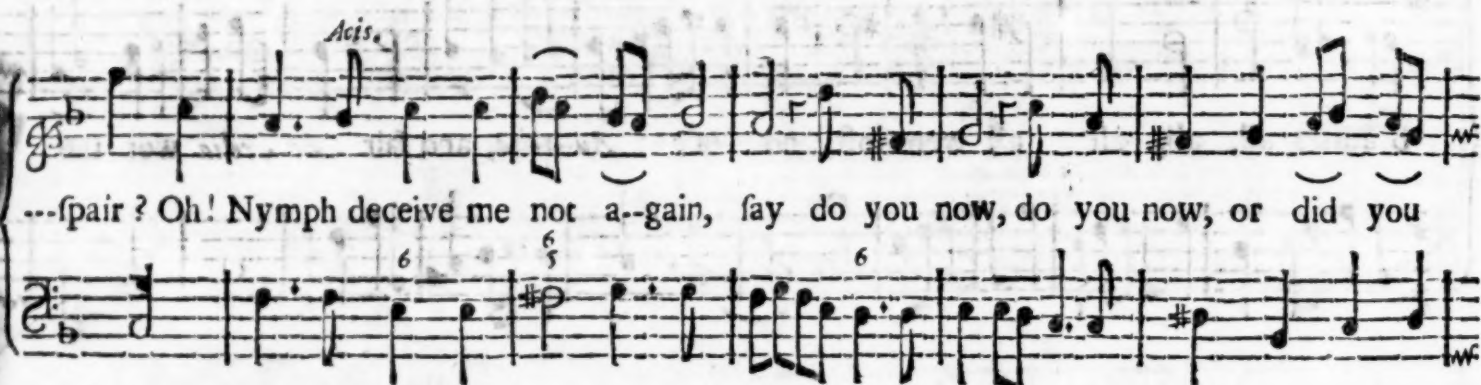
H! my Cruel yerjur'd Fair; cou'd you leave me, cou'd you leave me

Galatea.



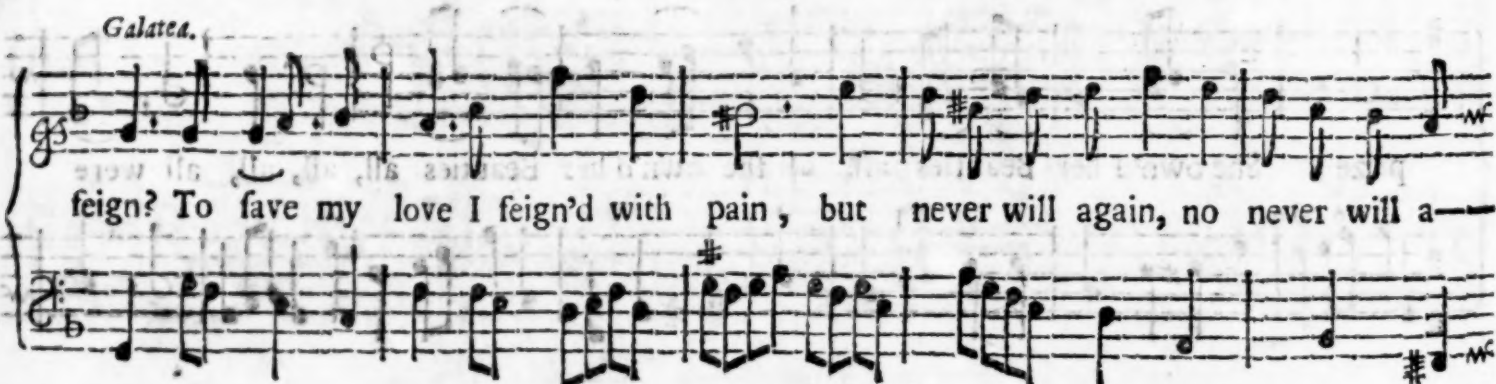
to despair; Oh! my Cruel perjur'd Dear, cou'd you leave me, cou'd you leave me and de—

Acis.



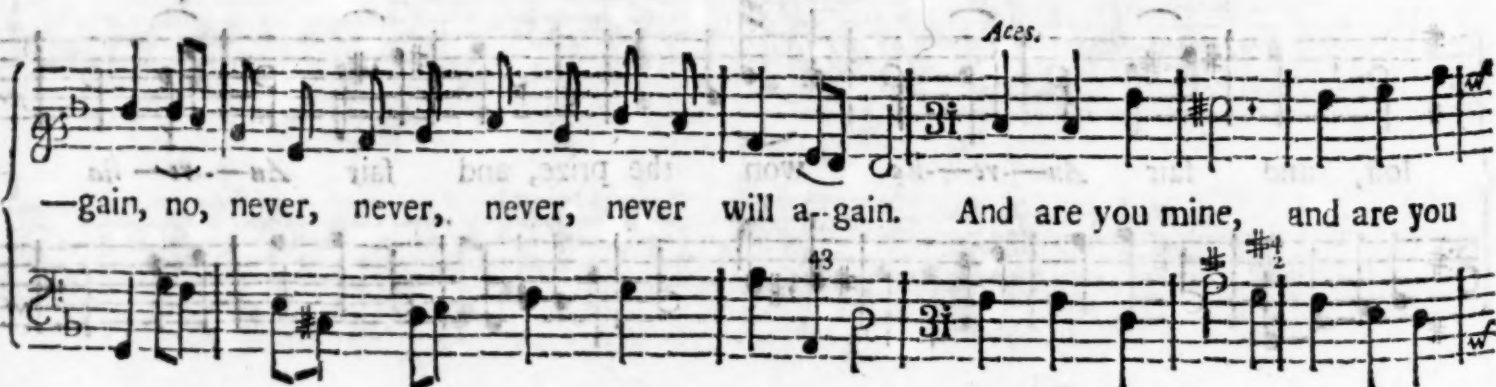
---spair? Oh! Nymph deceive me not a--gain, say do you now, do you now, or did you

Galatea.



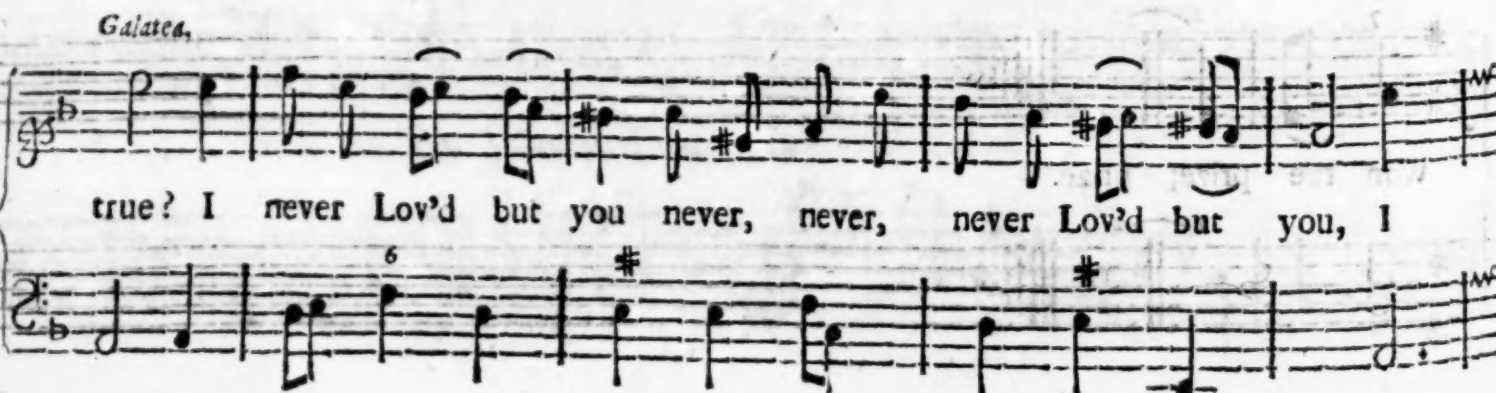
feign? To save my love I feign'd with pain, but never will again, no never will a—

Acis.



—gain, no, never, never, never, never will a--gain. And are you mine, and are you

Galatea.



true? I never Lov'd but you never, never, never Lov'd but you, I

I never Lov'd but you, I never lov'd but you, I never lov'd but you, I never lov'd but you, I never lov'd but

never Lov'd but you, I never Lov'd but you, I never, never, never, never Lov'd but you, I never, never, never Lov'd, never Lov'd, I never, never, never, never Lov'd but

you: oh! I believe, you cannot now deceive, you: oh! I believe, you cannot now de-

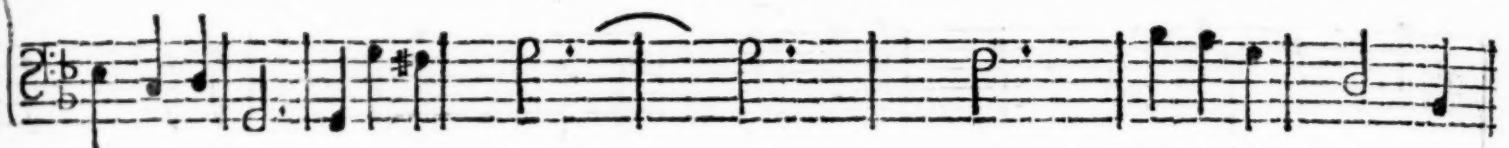
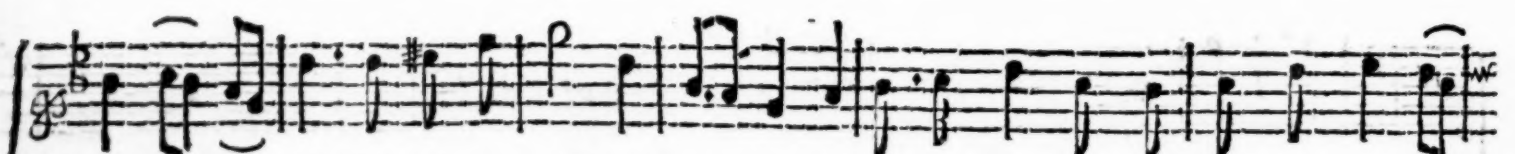
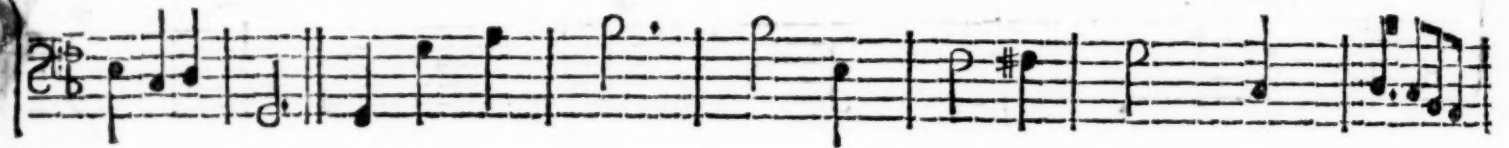
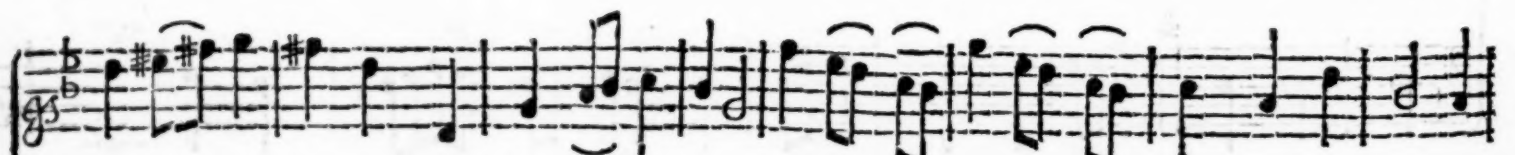
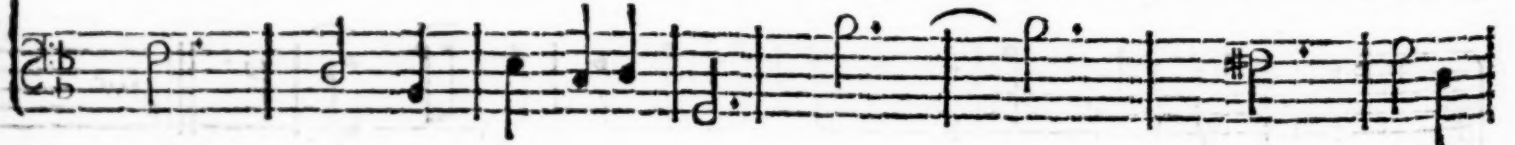
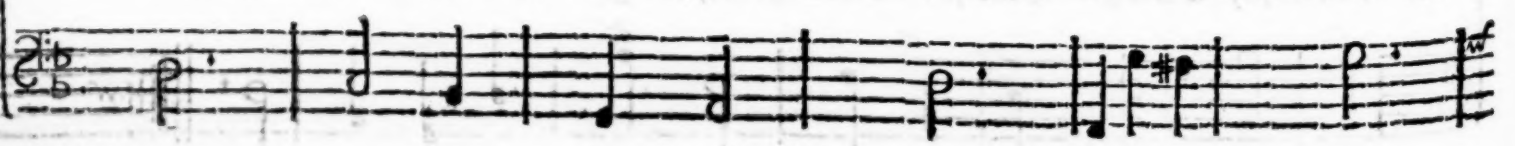
the joy is too great, the joy is too great, too great not to be true. -ceive, the joy is too great, the joy is too great, too great not to be true.

(473)

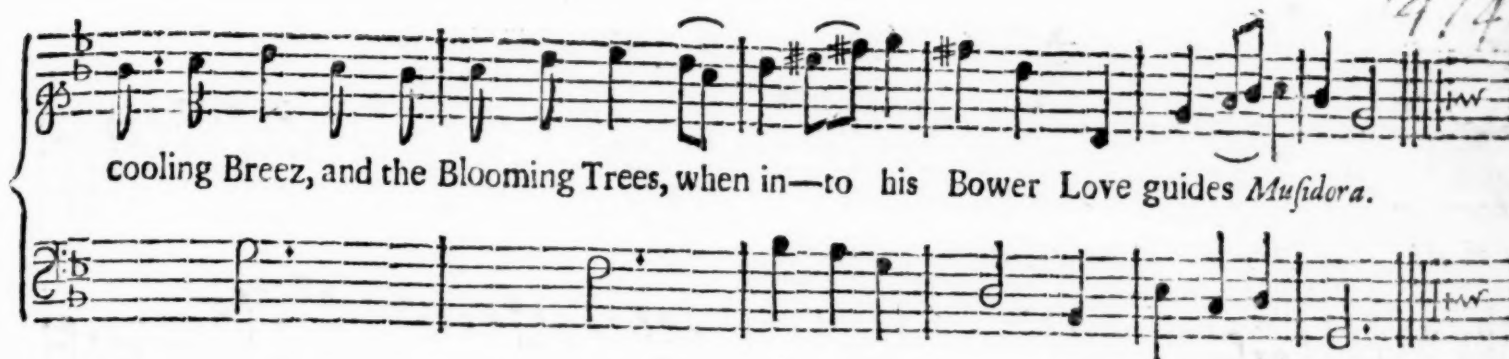
A SONG Sett by Mr. William Croft.



H! How Sweet are the cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when in-to his Bower Love

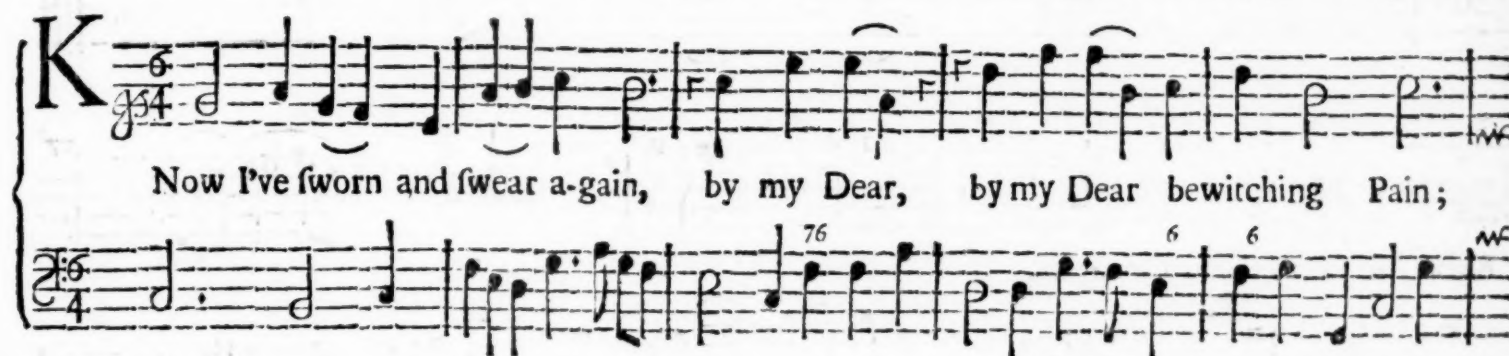
guides *Musidora*; when we meet there, the Nightingals sing pretty Tales, mi-staking my Dear, for theirGodeſs *Au-ron*: Geſſamins and Roſes, a thouſand pretty Poſes, the Summers Queen diſcloſes, andStrews as ſhe walks oh! *Venus*, oh! how Sweet are the cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, whenin-to his Bower Love guides *Mu-fi-do-ra*, Paſſion, Devotion, ſhe gains with each motion;Lutes too, and Flutes too, are heard when ſhe Talks, oh! *Venus*, oh! how Sweet are the

474



cooling Breez, and the Blooming Trees, when in—to his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.

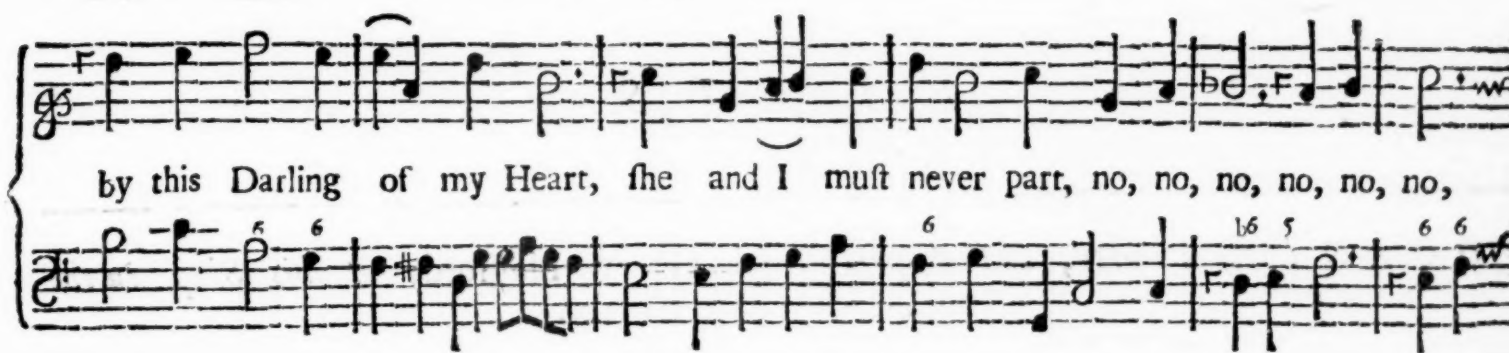
SONG in the Mad Lover, Set by Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



Now I've sworn and swear a-gain, by my Dear, by my Dear bewitching Pain;



by Love's sweetest, stron—gest Ties, by my Wishes, by my Wishes, by her Eyes;



by this Darling of my Heart, she and I must never part, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no, she and I must never part; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no she and I must never part.

(475)

The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

